

The following are extracts from the diary of my grandfather, Ephraim H. Nye:

John Nye and Charlotte Osborn, my father and mother, were married about the year 1834 in the Parish of Watlington, county Kent, England. Father followed the vocation of farm laborer or any other kind of common labor he could get, which was always poorly paid, average wages not exceeding 7 or 8 shillings per week (\$2.00). When the gold mines of Australia were discovered about the year 1851, father, like many others caught the fever and succeeded in getting enough means together to take his family on an emigrant ship to Australia. He sailed with wife and six children on the bark "Helen", a very old vessel of 700 tons register. There were 300 emigrants on board but shortly after we got to sea, a great deal of sickness broke out and after three weeks at sea, while crossing the Equator under the burning heat of the tropical sun 32 persons died and were thrown overboard. At last after a long and weary sail of 132 days, we reached Portland, Australia.

Father soon obtained employment. About six weeks later, father and my two oldest brothers (John and James) went on foot to Port Pheary, which was several days walk and there they obtained employment with a Mr. Gibbs on a large cattle and sheep ranch, about 32 miles inland. Father was engaged for one year and at once sent for mother and the rest of the children. Father and James had hired as shepherds and mother was hired to cook for father. John was hired as chore man and my sister Emma as cook for Mr. Gibbs. In December 1853 mother gave birth to her youngest son, Osborn.

Australia at that time might be called a "land of milk and honey", truly had nature been lavish in bestowing many of her choicest gifts upon that land.

After father's engagement with Mr. Gibbs had run out, he secured employment with a Mr. Tooney but tiring of sheep herding, in a month's time he moved the family to Warnambule, a small seaport town, where we continued to live until the latter part of 1856. During the last three years, father had followed mining, freighting to the mines and farming.

About this time, father had a valuable horse killed by a steer. John was riding after the steer to corral it, when it suddenly turned on the horse and plunged his horn into its shoulder. A horse-doctor, Mr. George T. Wilson, (who proved to be a member of the Church) was sent for. This man preached the gospel to the family as also did Elder James Wall, by whom the family was baptized. From him, we learned that there was a branch of the Church in Sidney. Shortly after, we broke up our home and started for Sidney, a distance of 300 miles over land. Brother Wilson traveled with us. We traveled 400 miles and were overtaken by the rainy season, hence concluded to winter there and in the following spring, continued our journey to Sidney.

And now a train of circumstances took place which, as a writer of this narrative, it becomes my painful duty to record, unpleasant recollection though it is, as it had an important bearing on the whole after-lives of some members of the family. My parents, who it seems had never been overburdened with love for each other, had become estranged. Father was overbearing in his disposition and wanted his own way all the time and so mother decided on a separation. A divorce was out of the question as no one in ordinary circumstances could afford such a luxury, so but one course was open and that was to quietly move away, and leave father in ignorance as to her whereabouts.

This was accomplished one day when father was away on business. John, my oldest brother, took mother, Emma, Charles, myself and Osborn to New South Wales where we awaited the arrival of my brother James and Brother Wilson. They joined us in a few days and then we learned that father was determined to follow us and in his anxiety, he and Stephen hastily shipped for South America.

John, now head of the family, and Brother Wilson were in partnership as fishermen for eight months, at the end of which time, John advertised in the Melbourne paper for American Elders of the Mormon Faith, and received two answers, one from a Mr. James McKay (a Mormon but not an elder) and the other from a Mr. Alexander Somerville of Kyanton, who had been appointed president of all the saints in Victoria. A correspondence with Mr. Somerville followed and it was determined to move at once to Kyanton, which was 270 miles distant. We travelled through mud and slush, in the midst of the Australian winter and thus we journeyed toward the true light and the words of the Savior were fulfilled -- "We asked and received" the true light and we sought and found the fold of Christ and later when we knocked, the door was opened and we were admitted into the true Church.

On our arrival in Kyanton, we found Mr. Somerville and two other elders and upon examination of our history and standing in the Church, there was a doubt about the authority of Elder Wall and it was decided that we should be rebaptized. And now our greatest desire was to gather to Utah, but being without means it was necessary for the boys who were old enough to obtain employment. Six months later we took passage on board the ship Milwaukee for San Francisco, USA, New Years day 1859.

We lived in San Francisco about three months but as work was scarce, we moved to Stockton and our boys, John James, Charles and myself, obtained employment. During the winter of 1859 father arrived in San Francisco and learned that we were in Stockton and got in correspondence with the family and finally started on foot with Stephen, 400 miles. The worn and weary travelers were welcomed with joy and gladness by all of the family. Mother told Father he was welcome to remain with the family but she would not live with him again.

About the first of August 1860, having succeeded by our united efforts in fitting up a four horse team, we left via Sacramento, at which point we joined others and proceeded on our way through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, reaching Brigham City through Ogden and stopped in old East Weber, later known as Uintah, about the middle of October 1860.

Here again the family separated, this time by mutual consent, Father taking Stephen with him and going on to Salt Lake City, the rest of the family wintering in East Weber. In the spring of 1861, we were all rebaptized into the Church under the direction of Bishop Osborn.

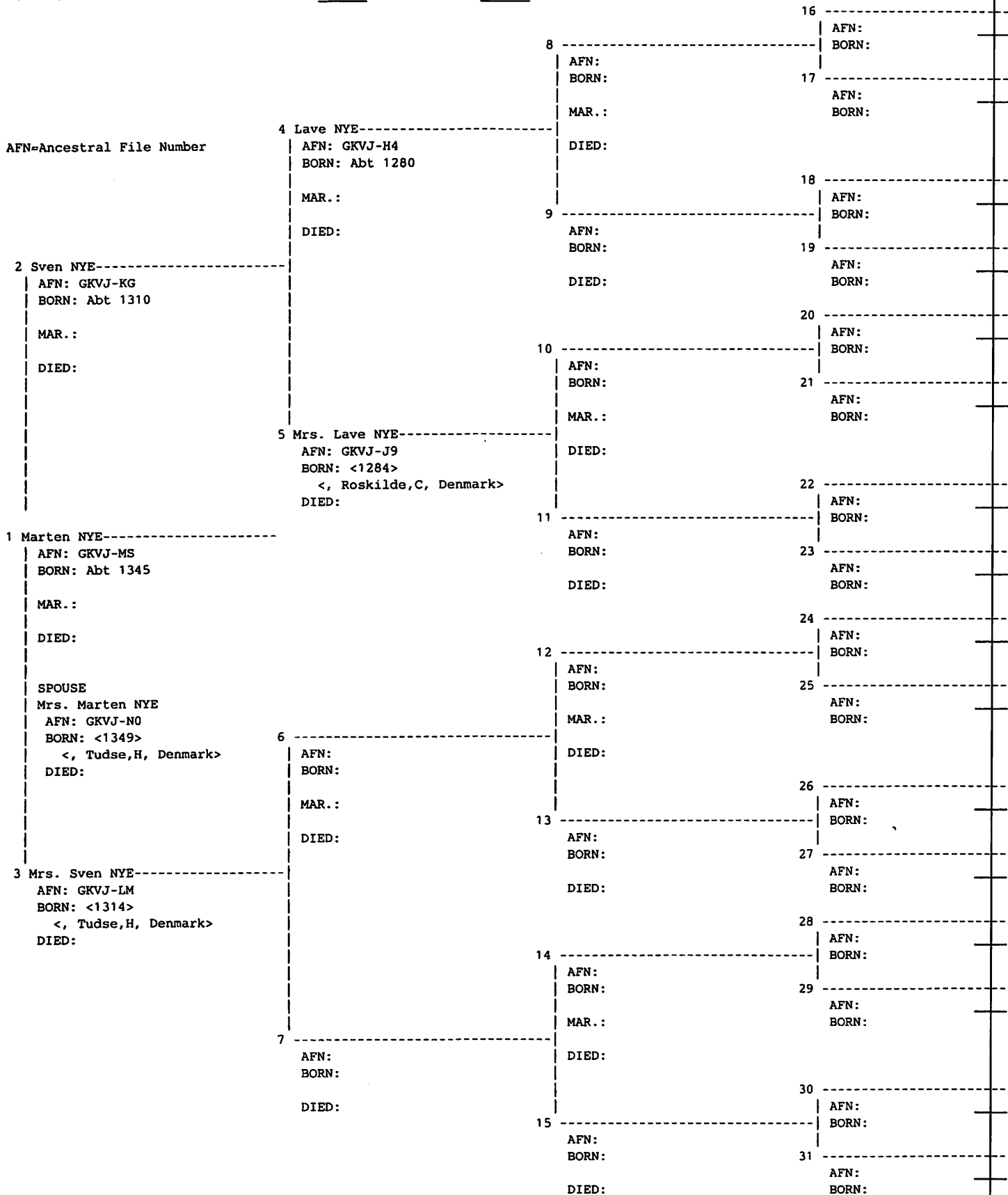
In the fall of the same year, Father with many others, was called by the Church to make new settlements in Southern Utah, being one of the pioneers to St. George. Brother Charles was also in that company. The latter part of 1862, Sister Emma was married to Brother Erastus Bingham in the spring of 1863 my brother took to wife the daughter of John Fry, Eliza, and moved to Brigham City. Christmas day 1864, my brother James was married to Elizabeth Winters. In the fall of 1865, Mother was married to Brother Henry Eggleston. On the 9th of February 1867, I married Harriet Horspool.

When Father went on his mission to St. George, he labored very hard and lived in poverty with none to comfort him in his old age, except Charles, who occasionally saw him. Father married again the fall of 1866, but I have never known the name of his second wife. He died sometime before 1870.

About Christmas 1868, my brother Stephen married a Miss Simons and August 1875 my brother Charles married Miss Kattie, the second daughter of Thomas Bingham.

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. _____ on chart no. _____

AFN=Ancestral File Number



In Loving Memory



THELMA DAVIS NYE

Born June 30, 1911 - Cedar View, Utah
Died December 8, 2000 - St. George, Utah

FUNERAL SERVICES

Wednesday, December 13, 2000 - 11:00 A.M.
Tabiona LDS Chapel, Tabiona, Utah

PALL BEARERS, grandsons

Steven Nye
Ryan Nye
Jason Kidd
Michael Tadlock

Brent Johnson
Rob Smoot
Greg Sandquist
Rick Pringle

HONORARY PALL BEARERS, great-grandsons

Morgan Nye
Aaron Johnson

Jeff Nye
Kyle Sandquist

Arrangements in the care of Olpin - Hoopes Funeral Home, Heber City, Utah

SERVICES

Music

Chorister: Lucy VanTassell
Accompaniment: Florence Turnbow

Officiating

Bishop Craig Thomas

Family Prayer

'K' Davis, brother

Hymn # 98

Congregation

"I Need Thee Every Hour"

Invocation

David Nye, grandson

Eulogy

Ted D. Nye, son

Speaker

Bishop Carl J. Nye, son

Musical Selection

Sandy Davis, niece

"How Great Thou Art"

accompanied by Lisa Davis, granddaughter

Speaker

David Roberts, former Bishop

Musical Selection

Grayson Davis, grandson

"Be Still, My Soul"

accompanied by Lisa Davis, granddaughter

Remarks

Bishop Craig Thomas

Hymn # 158

Congregation

"Before Thee, Lord, I Bow My Head"

Benediction

Kenneth Curry, grandson

Dedicatory Prayer

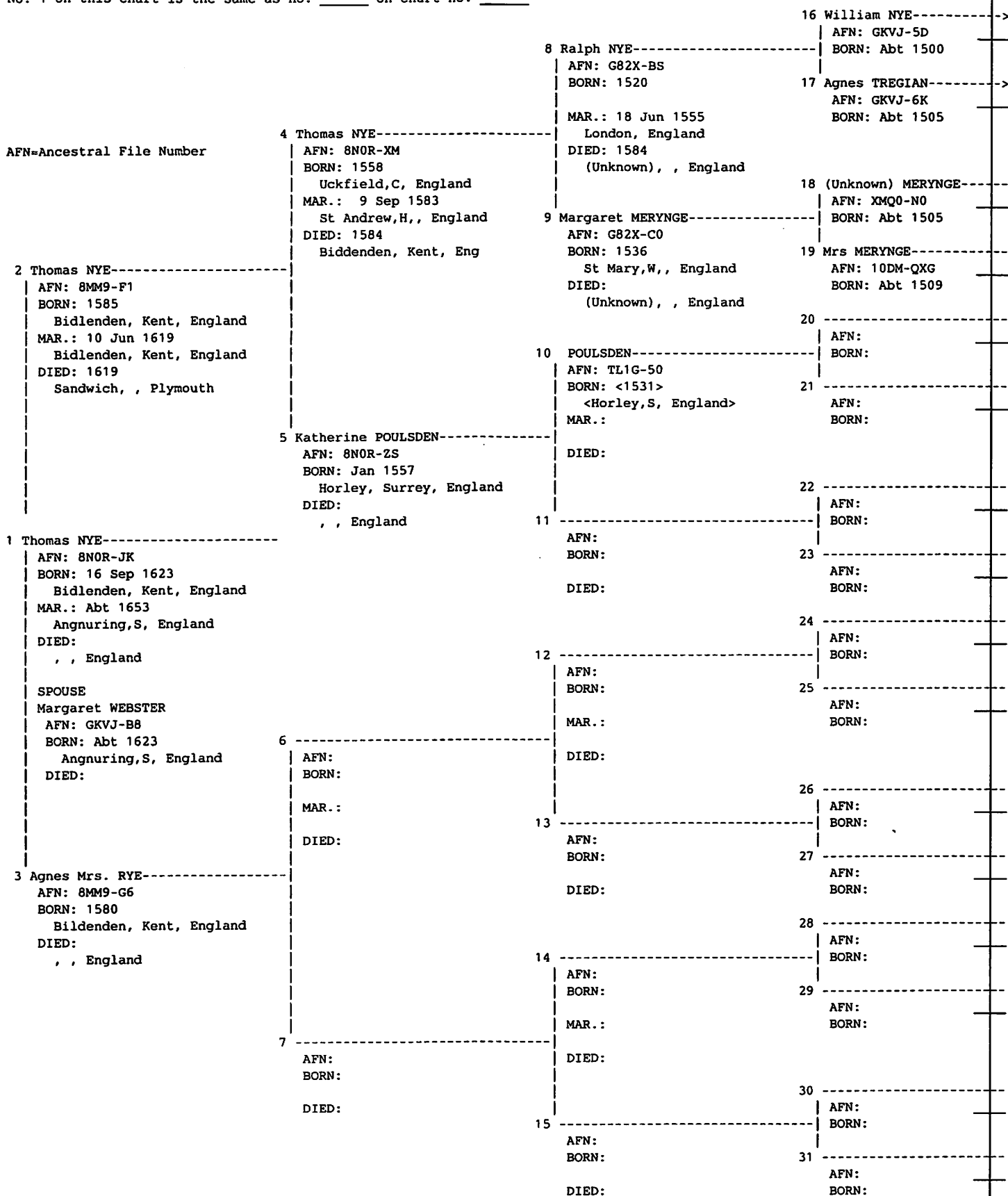
Lynn M. Curry, son-in-law

Interment

Tabiona City Cemetery

Those attending the graveside services, PLEASE FOLLOW the Funeral Procession.

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. _____ on chart no. _____



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